

THE  
AUCTION,  
OR THE  
POET  
TURN'D  
PAINTER.

By the Author of the *STEP* to the *BATH*.



L O N D O N: Printed by G. C. and Sold by E. Mallet,  
next the *Kings-Arms-Tavern*, near *Fleet-Bridge*.

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OF THE  
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LONDON: Printed by G. C. and J. Smith, at the  
next the King's Arms Tavern, near the Bridge.

THE  
PREFACE  
TO THE  
READER.

'T WAS in a juvenile Month, in which  
are more May-Poles Erected than  
Church-Steeple, (yet not so populous as  
Dissenting Conventicles, or Bacchanalian Man-  
sions) and Consecrated to the Goddess *Flo-  
ra*, who bedecks the lovely Meadows, and  
verdant Fields, with Natures Curiosity, far  
exceeding the Power of Art, and more trans-  
cendent than the various Colours of the Ce-  
lestial Sign of no second Inundation of the  
lower Orb. In this Month I say, when Tay-  
lors, and Mantua-makers flock'd to *Hide-  
Park*,



## The PREFACE.

*Park*, like thrifty *Quality*, and promiscuous Rabble to *Ludgate-Hill* for *India-Goods*, or City Apprentices to the Fair of *St. Bartholomew*, and Citizens Wives lend their massy Plate to adorn the Pails of the merry Milk-Maids, who shake their Tails like a Gudgeon on the Hook, to the harmonious Sound of scraping Violin: Large Salvers, double Tankards, gilt Spoons, and Caudle-Cups, to divert the obstreperous City's dubious Offspring, Green-sickness Chamber-maids, and brawny Kitchen-stuff-Wenches; when Oysters, and Sur-tout-Coats were as *improper* for the Season, as *Plumb-Broth* at *Whitson-tide*, or *Otter-skin Muff* for a *Beaver* at *Midsummer*; when *Loyal Addresses*, *Gracious Answers*, the *Kentish Petition*, *Impeachments* of high Crimes, *Misdemeanors*, and *Articles* against the Senate, drawn up by *Mrs. Legion*, which signified many, was bawled about Town, like the *Hartford-shire Murder*, *Captain Kidd's Case* to the Parliament, or new *Mackrill* of a *Sunday Morning*.

Walking



## To the READER.

Walking one Evening to the Royal Edifice of the Renown'd *Gresham*, who for the Honour of his Princes, and Ostentation of a *Brittish* Subject, drank such an Oriental Draught, that amaz'd the World, and was thought too extravagant to be purchas'd by e'er a Crown in *Europe*; where I met a Friend, walking in the Piazza's, with his Hands in his Pockets, like a *Newcastle* Captain, or a Journeyman Sales-man in a frosty Morning; and his Countenance as sedate as the Pie-Crust Informer near *Algate*, or a Nisi prius young Man at *Guild-Hall*; which strangely surpriz'd me, to see such a sudden metamorphose, of one that Studied the Muses, had often travel'd to *Parnassus*, in pursuit of Bays, and as often return'd Victor; and constantly attended by that damn'd Lacquey call'd *Poverty*, the general Fate of a Poet; but of a very Facetious Temper, Jocular in his Discourse; and when the Poetical Rapture was not on him, the Organ of his upper Ventricle, and Pair of Extenders used to be in continual motion, like the Pendulum of a Cloek,

## The PREFACE

or an exasperated *Monsieur* : But asking him the occasion of his seeming Discontent, he told me, He had just Reason, for the Laurel was in danger of withering, and the Bays of being usurp'd by the Painter, whose Fancy far out-rival'd the Poet's Flights, and by the Lineaments of the Face, and Humour of the Colours, could Characterise a Person more to the Life, than the sublimest Pen of the Nicest Critick, Accutest and Refin'd Wits of the Universe; and if I would but go with him, to the Effigie Coffee-house, adjacent to the aforesaid Edifice, my self should be Witness if he asserted not the Truth.

And accordingly I did; but when we came there, the Room was crowded like the Pit at a new Play, and as thick of *Oroonoko* Fumes, as *Horn's* Cave in *Fleet-street*, or *Gravesend* of the foggy Exhalations of the briny Surface, in a *December* Morning, or the Cook-Room of a *West-Country-Barge*, where the old *Dons* sat Funking their Noses, and Sipping  
10 8 the

## To the READER.

the sealing Infusion, as Demurely, as old Women burnt Claret at a Funeral, a Congregation of *Philadelphians*, or the Female Thimberkins right *Nants* in Coffee-dishes, on the Royal Exchange; but the more youthful, as Frolicksome as an elevated Vicar at a Wedding, or *Hicks* at a Wake; and treated the Amorous Exchange-Girls, ( who as wanton as Mares in fresh Pastures ) with Mead, and cold Tea, to allwage their vigorous Flames, till the Sale was over. At last came old Wheedle the Auctioneer, attended by a numerous Train of the Turpentine Disciples, and mounted his Box with as much Agility, as an *Andrew* the Stage, to gather the Mob, for the Blockhead his Master to pick their Pockets of their *Rino*, by the Falsity of his never failing Famous Pills, infallible Powders, and excellent Plaisters: After which, he took up his Mallet with as much Decorum, as the superannuated *P----* of the College of Correction, that derives its Original from the Palace of a Prince; then hung up his Nab, and after two or three roundabouts, like a Dog before he Sleeps, spoke to this effect.

Gentlemen,



## The PREFACE, &c.

Gentlemen, I have now a choice Collection of curious Pieces, done to the Life, all Originals, and perform'd by the ablest Pencils of the ingeniousst Masters of the Age, who have Travel'd to Rome, to be instructed in this noble Art; nay, have pay'd their Devotions to the infallible Chair, and obtain'd a Bull from his Holiness, to denounce Excommunication against all those filthy Post-nointers, that shall hereafter pretend to the Italian Stroke, and are no more Masters of the Pencil, than a Dutch-man of common Civility.

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T H E

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**THE  
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*Number I.*

**S** A M. See all the Gentlemen and Ladies have a Catalogue. Gentlemen, The first I present you with, is *Albion's Mansion House*, a noble antiquated Structure, whose oblite Walls still erect its tremendous Head, *Mauger Rome's*, and Hells Curst design, with a curious Prospect, of the Antient Metropolitan Palace of the Ecclesiastical See; once the happy Resident of that great Prelate, whose  
C Virtue,

Virtue, Piety, and his Admirable fitness, for that high Office he sustain'd in the Church, was this, That he chose rather actually, to suffer an Expulsion from all his Honours, and Ecclesiastical Revenues, than to violate his Conscience, or stain the Purity of those Principles he had always maintain'd and adher'd to: Between whom glides fair *Thamisis* murmuring Streams, saluting its flowery Banks with wanton dalliances; where sit the two Sons of a disconsolate Shepard, who by indirect means had obtained three Divanships in *Britan's Oracle's* last Sessions; but upon just Complaint, was prov'd Undue Elections, and with severe Reproof, both Father and Son were Expell'd that August Assembly; and their Fire committed to *Julius Caesar's* Bulwark; where now with broken Crook, and blasted Hopes, mourn they their Fate, and Father's Destiny. Nor will a Bated Tyger sway the Traffick of the East. Come Gentlemen, I will put it up but at fifteen Shillings; fifteen Shillings once, twice. What none of the new Company here? thrice, 'Tis yours Sir; and if you'll please but to carry it to *Skinners Hall*, I'll engage you may have double your Money for it, and a Treat in the Bargain.

*Number II.*

Here's a Piece done Extraordinary fine; an English Peer, of Dutch breed; who throve like a Pumpkin, and sprouted like a Mushuroom, and thought the Proverb might exten'd to a Lord, as well as a Prophet, That they never gain'd Honour in their own Country; therefore crost the Herring Pond, in the vehemence of



of his Rage, and for drawing his Sword when there was very little Danger, got a great deal of Honour, and had like to have been created a Prince; but the *Cambrian's* Back was up, and pleaded mightily for one of their own Climate; he's been Impeach'd by the Senate, tho' his Prince's Favourite, who loads him with his Royal Bounties, and he as readily shifts them for the Rhino as I want to do his Effigie, therefore I'll put it up but at one Pound. *That's the ready way to keep him,* reply'd a Stander-by. You must consider, Sir, said the Auctioner, here's a large carv'd Frame, and costly Colours. *That needs no consideration at all,* answer'd he, for 'tis very evident, any thing of Dutch is always costly, and could heartily wish others would consider it who sit at the Helm. Come, 1 Pound Gentlemen. 1 Pound 1 Skillin; what, I warrant you, that's a Butter-box with his 1 Pound 1 Skillin; well then, 1 Pound 1 Skillin once, twice, thrice; Your Country Man is yours, Sir.

### Number III.

Now! Now! ye Beaux, and City Cornuters; Now I shall see your Generosity! Here's a Lady drawn so natural, and of so airy an Aspect as would tempt a Jove; nay, hath Captivated a L---d, and been the subject of a whole Cities Discourse. 'Tis true she's of an amorous Inclination, and was charg'd with an Elopement from her Spouse, who hath publish'd this worthy Character of her, *as lewd and infamous as Mrs. B---*. A naughty Man thus to expose his own Flesh and Blood, who ought rather to  
con-

conceal her Infirmities; but Flesh is frail, and all things are subject to Love. But to bedeck her Husband's Head with the Ornament of a Beast, and send her Bravado's to Bully him in his own S---p, and turn up to every R---ke is unsufferable. But suppose there should be no Ink in the Pen; Non-performance, or an Allasetic Breath should be the occasion; for tell me, Gentlemen and Ladies, is it not a thousand pities such a Charming young Lady, should lye Languishing in the Arms of a loath'd Embrace, or dull Imbecility? Whose killing Eyes and vigorous Flames would dissolve an Anchorite and thaw a Statue. Besides, what's an unfull'd Reputation of three succeeding Generations to mighty Love? Then let the plodding Animal drudge on, now he has got a Divorce from the Senate; Fire will attract Fire, and the Blind God will be Obey'd: Come Gentlemen, I will put her Up but at 16 Shillings; tho' Modestly the Piece is worth five Pound; 16 Shillings once; one Pound, one Pound; why you cannot have an Actress at the Play-House, or a Whore out of the Side-box, for that Mechanick Sum. One Pound five shilling, one Pound five shilling. What do you think she's a *Covent-Garden* Head Dresser, or a *New-Exchange* Wench? Pray consider what a Fortune she was, and what a Figure she hath made; loll'd in a Coach and Six, and trac'd the Park with five Liveries. Two Pound; that's spoke like a Gentleman, and an admirer of the Sex; let me die if she does not Ogle him; Oh strange! this generous Offer, has animated the Colours, and spread her lovely Cheeks with a Vermilion Blush, that there should be a sympathy in Nature, between a Noble Spirit and Amou-

rous

rous Effigies, on Colour'd Canvas; I vow it will not be Honourable to put her up again. No Sir, take her: But let me request this Favour of you, not to carry it near *Mercers Chappel*, lest Antipathy should discharge that miraculous Token of her mighty Passion, and the Lady withdraw her Favours from you.

Gentlemen, here's a Son of *Esculapio*, whose Origin *Mystagogus* tells you was of the Loins of *Apollo*, by the Nymph *Coronis*, who afterwards shot her with his Arrows, for suffering her self to be Polluted; and the same Author tell us, 'tis suppos'd he was Nourished by a Bitch; but our *Gonorrhoea*, I suppose will deny the Assertion tho' 'tis vouch'd by a Jesuit. Do but mind what a Figure he makes in his Philodenarian Garb, Hypochondry Countenance, Cogatimancula Band, Microcosmus Gate, and *Prefter John's* Cane, beset with a *Lembick*, *Ventrieles* and *Bolt-head* like the *Ball* Constable of *St. Patricks*, with the Emblems of his own Fortunes; here's also warm Receptacles for your pubescent Parr; and no doubt but you have heard of his famous Pills, never failing Preparatives, excellent Balsamicks, and infallible Emplastours, not to be match'd in the Universal World; and if you will please but to take a Walk to his Mansion-house by the *Orphan Ditch*, with three Stone Bridges, you may have a view of his Laboratory and Library, which is cramm'd with Greek and Latin Authors innumerable, but understands them no more than an Vold Basketwoman; *Coleman's* Characters, He Curs young Women of the *Far* *Matri-*



ck, and helps Conception to a Miracle; Administers a Glitter to Admiration for the Fits of the Mother; and notwithstanding he is stricken in Years, often makes the Experiment himself; but tho' he is Old, he is Nice, and loves young Flesh in clean Linnen, more than the slovenly Hosier near *Bishop's-Gate* Broyl'd Kidnies and Mutton Broth; but Abhors a Female that's full Aged, with as great an as Antipathy a Court Lady Onion Sauce, a Jewish Appetite Swines Flesh, or the Devil Holy Water. Come I'll put him up at 12 Shillings; and you who have been his Patients, Honour obliges ye to bid Honourably. 12 Shillings once-twice; Oh for shame, no body bid! I am certain I see some here that have had Experience of his profound Knowledge. 13 Sillings, 13 Shillings once, twice, thrice. Patient or not Patient, you have him, Sir.

Number V.

Here! here's! the Quintessence of a Stockjobber and *Belzebub's* Brother, had a Prince to his Godfather, and outwitted the Deceased Peer of three Names. The unlucky Rogue the Painter hath Drawn a Bridle in one Hand, his Papers in the other; and like *Mahomet*, a Dove at his Ear; what he means by it I know not, unless it be to signifie that he's a Jocky and Pigeon Merchant; but this I assure you, never were two Oranges more alike. Come Gentlemen, I will put him up but at 10 Shillings, by reason I do not care how soon I get rid of him; and I suppose you are not insensible what a troublesome F---w he is; 10 Shilling once, twice. What? I am afraid you are all of my mind. 11 Shillings once, twice, thrice.

Here take him Sit; but I protest I dofe by him; however 'tis no more than what hundreds have done as well as I; so much good may do with him.

*Number VI.*

Gentlemen, here's a Corpulent Piece, that I do not doubt but most of ye know, and let me tell you, is as worthy A.T., as e'er carri'd a white Wan, or Usher'd the Corporation Coach to *Salter's-Hall* Meeting-House; he is one that hath done a great deal of good in his Generation; but being weary of Providing for other Folks' Children, he hath taken to himself a Wife of his own, whom I if Report lyes not, Anticipates her Years of so short a date, as bespeaks him her Grandfire; his young Flesh is Tempting, and old Cocks Tread sure; so no doubt but we shall have of the Breed. Look Gentlemen, he favours more of the Gown, than he does of the Sword; notwithstanding he's a C-vel, and perform'd such a Heroick Action on the *Royal Exchange*, in surprizing the Guards, and carrying off the Trophy's. I will put him up but at 12 Shillings, 12 Shillings once, 1 Pound, that's a Fruiterer I'll engage that Bids so nobly for his Brother Pippin; 1 Pound once, twice, thrice; you have him Friend; but I advise you not to send him to *Feverham*, lest the vulgar Idolize him for a Saint; and you guilty of a breach of the first Commandment.

*Number VII.*

Now ye blustering Beaux! and Smug'd young Shopkeepers; here's blooming Youth, and a Maiden-Head.

A Retailer of Muslim, In an Alley that fronts the Merchants Convocation House; when the Wife was put up, your Countenances discover'd as much Solidity as a Common Counsel-men at a Wardmote, or a Country Vicar a Catechising his School Boys; but now ye smile, whisper and smir like a Bride on her Nuptial Night, or a Beau at a Dancing School. And well ye may; for let me tell ye, - The Trojan Youth whose dazl'd Eyes survey'd three Tempting, Courtling Goddesses at once, did not behold the like; the fair C--- has in her all their Deities, their Charms, Youth, Wit and Beauty are all United here. Hah! that Spark in the Lac'd Hat, can hardly have Patience till I put her up; but is already Fingering the Darby, to purchase a Maiden-Head, he warrant ye he hath bought many a Muslin blackdoath, and Callico Handkerchief of her at a dear rate, to merit her Esteem; and if he has but the Fortune to have it, will look upon it as a good Omen, for the Original. Bless me! how the young Merchants and Drapers Prentices flock in; I believe they think the whole Society of Timberkins is to be expos'd to Sale. Why this Catalogue has Alarm'd the City, more than the Irish in the beginning of the Revolution. Nay! I protest here's several of ~~Lord's~~ Tribe and the long Robe, with a whole Shoal of Inns of Court Rakes, and Country Quill Drivers come into the City to buy a good Penniworth; but to hold you no longer in suspense, He put her Up, for I know your Chops water, like a Girl after Green Gooseberries. Come, I will put her up ~~at~~ <sup>for</sup> one Pound, the same Conscience I shall incur, your Displeasure, in putting such



a low Price upon her; but you will manifest your respect to the fair Sex, in your generous Advancing Well, one Pound. One Pound 5 Shilling, one Pound 5 Shillings. Pray consider there's a great deal of difference between vigorous Youth and declining Age. Gentlemen, is it an old Man or a young Man, that bids such an undervaluing Price for a Maiden-head? Oh! 'tis as I suspected, an old Old Man. Indeed what should old Men do with Maiden-heads? No, they are for Youth; lusty Youth, in the Zenith of their Strength and Vigour of their Passions; and not to Moulder, Unemploy'd by the side of impotent Age. Nay, Maiden-heads and gray Hairs, are as inconsistent to each other, as *June* and *January*. I Pound 10 Shillings. Look ye there now; That Beau in the Powder'd Wig, which I'll lay my Life, cost 15 Pound, should lessen his Judgment to such a degree, as to Bid but one Pound 10 Shillings; that may do Sir at *Drury-lane, Middlesex, or Salisbury Court*; but not here I assure you. Why at this rate, they'll become mere drugs; yet that's a Paradox, for they were never scarcer than in this Pregnant Age of ours; when Virgins thaw like Snow and melt like Wax, and are so industrious for Procreation, that they have got the start of the *Portugal Ladies*; and for rearing bid defiance to the whole Universe. But now to the matter in hand, which is a very slippery one; if you'll take Mr. C---y's Word for it, who gives this Character of it.

*A subtle thing, of slippery kind,  
Which Women lose, and yet no Man can find.*

One Pound 10 Shillings once, twice, thrice. Did not I tell you that Gentleman in the fac'd Hat would have her? And Sir without offence let me tell you, 'tis the cheapest Maiden-head you ere was Master of.

Number VIII.

A Dutch Piece, Gentlemen, *Hogen Mogen* on bended Knees, with a Letter from the States General, to his Majesty of Great Britain. Hunger will force Stone Walls, and short Pasture make the Warlike Steed lower his proud Nostrils, and Fawn like a poor begging Dog. Oh the energy of Necessity, and dread of an Aspiring Neighbour! What a wonder hast thou wrought? Oh *Elizabeth!* *Elizabeth*, thou bright Saint, Virgin Queen and *Albion's Genii*; vouchsafe to cast an Eye on *Belgia's* submissive Knee and humble Supplication; who since thy flight to the Ethereal Mansions, has never bin seen in such a seeming poster; but haughty grown, Rival'd even the Gods, and kick'd at Sovereign Power. Come I will put him up at 15 Shillings; tho' 'tis a Piece well lik'd of, and bin long wish'd for. 15 Shilling once, 16, 17, 18, 19. Hey day! all for a Submissive *Dutchman*. But Gentlemen let me tell you, I am afraid 'tis not in Respect to the S<sup>c</sup>, that makes ye so earnest for the Piece, but to leave it as a Testimony to Posterity; that they have once more bin brought on their Marrow Bones. 19 Shillings once, twice. 1 Pound, 1 Pound once, twice, thrice. Yours Sir. Well Gentlemen, since the Piece pleases ye, I'll set a score or two of the *Lutherian* Disciples to Work against the next Auction.



Next Morning being to leave the Town, he inquired, *Number IX.*

**Now! Now! Now,** Gentlemen and Ladies, here's an Author; therefore be very curious how ye bid, lest he Characterizes you, as not long since he did his own Country Men; but more particularly a very worthy Alderman of this City;

*Whose deed, so great, so Glorious do scan;  
They'll Mortalzie his Name, and make him more than Man.*

but so absurd in his Allegations, False and Ridiculous in his Characters, and such *Throgmorton* Poetry, that he became the Jest of the whole Town, and a Ridicule to School Boys; the bundle of Stockings at his Back, is an Emblem of his former Vocation; and were you but to see him, you would swear he resembles a Pedlar more than a Poet; and a Pack at his Back would much better become his Shoulders, than a Chaplet of Bayes his Brow. In one hand he bears the Title Pages of his *true Born English-Man*; the other is in his Coat Pocket, a gingling of Farthings, like a Sayler. Come I will put him up at 12 Shillings, 12 Shillings once. 13 Shillings, 13 Shillings once, twice, thrice. He is yours: That ever a Poet should be sold for 13 Shillings. *Tes and too much too,* answer'd the Buyer, *for now I have got him, I know not well what to do with him.* Why I'll tell you a Story said the Auctioner.

There was a very ingenious Gentleman happen'd to Preach before a Judge a going the Circuit, who was taken so extraordinarily with his Discourse, that he profest a great Respect for him, and Carest him with more than



than ordinary kindness. Next Morning being to leave the Town, he inquir'd where he Liv'd, that he might take his leave of him, which was at an adjacent Inn. This Son of *Levi*, was no Enemy to the Bacchanalian God, notwithstanding in his foremention'd Discourse, he cavell'd with his Votaries, and Exclaim'd mightily against Drunkenness; but that very Evening having some good Fellows at his Quarters, the Glass was banded so briskly about, that Orthodox forgot his Divinity, and went not to Bed till he had Drank, to the height of Elevation; in the Morning early came the Judge, and by reason the Doctor was not stirring would not suffer them to call him down, but ordered them to Conduct him to his Chamber; the Reverend Doctor had notice given him of his Approach, and what a danger of Discovery he was in, (but too late) for the Judge follow'd so close, that Divinity was hardly awake when he enter'd, who was amaz'd to see one of his Cloath and Parts, lie in such a dunghill of a Chamber; the Bed was very ordinary, the floor overflow'd with Piss, from over charg'd Piss Pots; two broken Benches and a Table spread with Bottles, Pots, broken Glasses and Tobacco Pipes, was the rest of the Furniture. Certainly it must be a very pleasant Scene, to see an Oracle of the Gospel, and pronouncer of the Law, in two such different Conternations; but the Judge Reprimanded him, in living so Abruptly and Contrary to the Doctrine, he so lately deliver'd, and when he had so done, was going to leave him in a Passion. The Doctor who seem'd to be Planet-struck at this just Reproof; at last beg'd his Lordship's Pardon, with a promise of a Reformation for the

the future, and told him, since he had Arraign'd, Try'd and Condemn'd his Chamber, there Remain'd nothing but to Hang it. Now Sir, I acquiesce with the Doctor; you have bought it, pay'd for it, and if you please may take the same method, the Doctor propos'd the Judge, and if you'll take my advice, I would have it in your Necessary-house, for these two Reasons, first, the sight of him may Augment your Stool; Secondly, his Title Pages serve you for Bumfodder.

Number IX.

Off with your Hats Gentlemen, Off with your Hats, here's a Right Reverend P—, that has Travell'd Christendom, Converted the Heathens, been an Author of Reformation, an Eye Witness of Rome's Absurdity, and foy'd the Pope with his own Weapons; he is a second Bonnerges in the Pulpit, and delivers the Word like a Son of Thunder; came over in the mighty Army that Redeem'd us from Slavery, and Rescu'd us from the Jaws of the Whore of Babilon and Arbitrary sway; prov'd the Dutch Conquerours at the labour and Expence of a great many Sheets, but those Sheets by Order of Senate were committed to the Flames, and the Subject of the Matter no more regarded, than a Crow does a Sunday. But who dreamt of a Parliament, or new Translation from one See to another if so? farewell Metropolitan Thoughts, and be content with the Lawn Heaven has already sent thee. Well Gentlemen, I hope you'll think no Price too dear; for a B—p's Sacerdotal Robes and Golden Mitres ought to have great Veneration, and requires large Purfes. I will put it up at 15 Shillings. 16 Shillings; 16 Shilling once, twice. What none of the black Robe here? 17 Shillings once, twice. Oh for shame! let a Lady out-bid you. I'll lay my Life she's a good Church Woman, and goes every Evening to Prayers at St. Lawrence's. Divinity is yours Madam,

Number XI.

Here's the Molletto Cutleress, an upholder of St. Dunstons, and a near Neighbour to the Temple; as Airy as a Girl of 15. What Persian Ebony can compare with her Locks? And what a Set of Ivory Teeth she has! Phenixs like she renews her Youth, and her Vigour in as unexhaustible Treasure. Now



Knives, Scissors, Combs and choice of rare Toys, a what dear Rates must ye be Purchased at, to gain your Mistresses Favour? Oh! now ye Temple Bar, and Chancery-lane Clerks, fill well your Pockets with the Yellow Smelts, and Powder your Bushy Logger-Heads as White as driven Snow, ere ye presume to approach her Shop, and Loll cross the Counter to Whisper Mighty Love, and appoint the happy Hour. What say you now? You that so much admire her, and have so often been Killed by the Power of her Features. I hope you'll not undervalue her Picture. I'll put her up at 12 Shillings. 13 Shillings. 13 Shillings once, twice. 15 Shillings. That's a Pretty Gentleman, and shall have a pretty Snuff-box. 16 Shilling. 16 Shillings once, twice. 17 Shillings. 17 Shillings once, twice, thrice. You have her Sir. And upon my Word I'll give her such a Character of ye, that I'll engage the Presents you wish: a fine Shell Snuff-Box.

*Number XII* The Whore of the East.  
Gentlemen, Here's the Vigorous Metal Man, near the Key Weather Cock, not far from Leaden-Hall; who antedates the Days of his Pilgrimage to 61 Years. But notwithstanding he is as G—— as a Badger. He's Youthful in his Blood, and he, verifies the Old Proverb; for not long since being at the Tavern, to exhilarate his old Soul, the Juice of the Grape so Elevated his Cranium, that he went to Bed to his Maid, instead of his Wife; and the poor Wench the following Night, to the Journeyman instead of her Master; and shortly after brought forth a dubious Offspring, to the great Discontent of both Parties. But Vigorous Silver Pate being ablest in Purse, and having a finger in the Pye, was oblig'd to provide for the Fruit of their Labour; in Consideration of which, the Journeyman Wedded her. So there's no hurt done, but a brave Boy got; and they that will Dance, must pay the Fiddler. Come 10 Shillings Gentlemen. 10 Shillings once, twice. What no Body Bid? Here, take it away. But had it been Young Flesh in Pety-Coats, ye would all have Snap't at it.

*Number XIII* The Effeminate J—— the Beau.



Beau Milliner; for whom all the Exchange Girls were troubled with a *Furor Matricis*. But at last enter'd into Conjunction with an old Modicum. He is as Nice in his Garb, as Sir Courtly, as Rediculous in his Air, as Sir Foppling, and so precise in his Discourse, that one would take him for a Puritan; but his Neighbours can clear him as to that Point, for they protest he pretends to no Religion, but every Sunday Morning he takes up three Hours in Dressing, and as long in Admiring himself. Then walks to the Change to hear News, or invent it; takes a Three-penny whet to keen his Appetite; walks home to Dinner in as much State as My Lord Mayor from St. Paul's; Nods till 4, then waites on his Mate to some Christning, or serves Gloves at a Funeral; for he draws them on so extraordinary fine, that if you'll believe him, his dexterity in that profound Mystery, hath occasion'd him a great deal of Labour in Plowing in other Folks Ground. Pray take notice of his Allablasted Cheeks, for which the Vlugar have Nicknam'd him washing Moll; but alas there's no regard to be given to what prejudice, or ill-will may Report. For can it be supposed he makes use of Art, when his own Natural Complection is of so right a W—t hue; then Patches so gracefully, and hath such a Pretty black Bard, that his Shop is like A Load-stone; and he an Andrew on the Stage, which is crowed more for Diversion, than sake of his Person. Come Gentlemen, tis a large Piece, and well done, therefore I can put him up at no less than 12 Shilling. 12 Shillings once. 15. That Lady Bids like an Admirer of his Fiz; and if I am not mistaken, had once a Kindness for the Original; but missing of that is resolved to have his Effigies. Well 'tis Neighbourly Kindness. 15 Shillings once, twice, thrice. No Rival Madam; so you must take him.

Number XIV.

Now Ladies! and all ye pretty Charming Head-dressers: Here's that violent Beau Draper, who by the Powder of his Wig, and the bewitching Hum of his Tattler, with the Dagger near his Waist-band, hath Ruined two of your Metropolitan Sash Window Cherubins, that er'e Cut out a Muslin Head on a Coun-

Counter. Nay poor *Nancy* the Chamber-Maid was so Captivated at the first sight, that like *Flanderk*in *Garrisons*, she open'd her Sluce before the *Victor* made an Offer. But after Engagement, he denying to become one Flesh, under the Ceremonial Noose, Run Mad, and was soon sent packing to the Lunatick Mansion. The next was his Neighbour, one of the forementioned Occupation. She poor Soul exhausted her Stock in buying fine Damask Gowns, and rich Silver Orrice-pety coats, which she by so often taking 'em in his Hand to Admire, at least made bold with the Center; and by reason he would not consent to become one Flesh, was much troubled at his Falshood; and thereupon took an occasion to Die. So both she and her Bandbox Substance made their Exit together. He Riding thus Triumphant in the Harbour of Security, as he thought, at last made an Attack on another of the same Tribe, in *Nipper Row*, near the Sign of *Good-hope*; and she proving Pregnant would Oblige him to Marry her, but he kept his Integrity, and defy'd it with the Courage of a Libertine, which Inraged her so Vehemently, that she Nab'd him for Security for the Fruits of his Labor; besides five more for the Blew Gown she wore out at Elbows, in lolling cross the Window to Ogle his Shanks, in his reiterated Passage, to the Cock in the Corrier of Amen. This caus'd a Rupture in his Credit; but Mamma salved it all, and hath promis'd if it proves a Boy, and be like the Father, which will easily be discern'd by the Bridge on his Nose, she will take it into favor and endow it with an Inheritance, and Questions not but in process of Time he may make as great a figure in *St. Paul's Church-Yard* as his Sire. Come Ladies 15 Shillings; 'twill be worth your Mony if 'tis 15; Pound for if his Character is true he's a Bedfellow for a Dutcheff, and will make a Stallion for the whole Parish of *St. Giles*. What no Body bid? I hope Ladies ye are not frighted at his Endowments, or does your Modesty now debar ye. Well I lay him aside, yet I Question not, but to have a Chap for him of the fair Sex before the Auction is over.

F I N I S.



